

## File #011

### The Return of the Godfather of Time

**Report by: Detective Charles Early**

**Location: Birmingham, AL**

It was a rather quiet day in Birmingham as the trial for Dr. Godson also known as the Godfather of Time was finally starting. He was finally being tried for his crimes. Security was extremely tight as several guards and bailiffs escorted Dr. Godson into the courthouse. Dr. Godson was facing numerous charges including murder of civilians and government officials, racketeering, armed robbery of a federally insured institution and use of a deadly weapon. Federal officials decided to try him first as they also tacked on RICO charges. Rick, Emma and I were asked by the FBI to help assist in the case as they knew we helped capture him originally and we arrived at the federal courthouse twenty minutes before the US Marshalls and FBI agents did.

“What are we doing here so early Charles?” Emma asked.

“Emma my good friend who is the US Marshall of Northern Alabama told me that his office as well as the FBI office received terroristic threats and that they needed all the help they could get so they asked us. Dr. Godson’s crimes were especially notorious and federal authorities believe that other gangs will try to enter the court and kill him,” I replied.

“So we got here early so we could assist them escorting him into the courtroom and to make sure there isn’t any threat,” Rick said.

“Yes we are,” I said calmly as we looked around and found no threats or hidden bombs or weapons anywhere and by the time we got thorough looking throughout the courthouse the US Marshalls and FBI agents arrived with Dr. Godson. The Godfather of Time hadn’t changed much since we last saw him and he turned and gave us the most menacing smile I had ever seen on him. “Be careful you two I don’t like the looks of this one bit.”

Despite my uneasy feeling, I was extremely pleased to see the extremely tight security inside the courtroom. Dr. Godson was slowly escorted to the courtroom surrounded by US Marshalls and bailiffs as everyone else slowly entered. The judge finally entered the courtroom ten minutes later and when he did all the noise and talking in the courtroom quickly disappeared.

“Everyone may be seated. Is the prosecution ready to begin Mr. Whatley,” the judge asked in a serious tone.

“Yes your honor,” the prosecutor said calmly. The judge nodded as the prosecutor again began speaking to the jurors. The prosecutor was a middle aged dark colored man who was bald and had a small mustache. He had dark brown eyes and had a tough sounding voice. “Today I will begin by showing the court that Dr. Godson here conceived a time machine in which instead of using for the good of society used it to murder several hundred people including several police officers, sheriff deputies and federal agents.”

The jurors sat and listened as the prosecutor continued to deliver his opening statements in a trial which many expected to last several months. Dr. Godson sat there motionless as he listened to the prosecutor’s words and the prosecutor had barely finished his statements when the defense began their statement.

“Your honor, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the evidence will show-,” the defense attorney began. He had barely began his opening statement when the courthouse became alarmed

as they turned and saw that several dozen armed men appeared in the courtroom.

“Drop your weapons,” the leader said as he pointed his automatic assault weapon toward the judge. Several bailiffs and officers who were in the courtroom quickly took out their weapons but before they could shoot the men had already started firing their weapons and killing most of the bailiffs and officers. The judge tried to stand up and escape from the courtroom but he too had been shot and killed by the men. One of the men quickly freed Dr. Godson who was seemingly pleased to see and as they were escaping Emma ran trying to catch them.

“Stay right there or I’ll shoot,” Emma yelled at the men and Dr. Godson.

“Oh look at this boss. It is the female detective who helped get you thrown in jail,” the man said to Dr. Godson.

“So it is,” Dr. Godson said threateningly as he turned around to Emma.

The first man handed Dr. Godson his gun as the Godfather of time slowly approached Emma. Rick and I saw what was happening and we quickly tried to get to where she was but unfortunately we were being shot at by several of Dr. Godson’s men. Emma was not afraid of either the man or Dr. Godson who quickly took out his gun and aimed it at her chest. “Now my friend I will give you something you will understand lead.”

“Emma,” Rick shouted. For a moment Dr. Godson became distracted. Instead of shooting Emma point range in the chest as I had no doubt he intended he shot her twice in the stomach and thigh.

“No,” Rick cried as Emma fell onto the ground.

“You will pay for what you did,” Dr. Godson said angrily as he picked Emma up with one hand and threw her hard to the ground as he quickly turned and began shooting at Rick and me.

“Watch it Rick,” I said as the Godfather of Time took out an AK-47 and began shooting several hundred bullets at us but fortunately for the two of us we stayed hidden and moved around slowly and quietly as the bullets slowly approached.

“I will kill you detectives for ruining my time of triumph,” the Godfather of Time yelled furiously.

“Come on boss. The courthouse is clear and besides you killed the female detective,” the first man pleaded as the Godfather of Time and his men suddenly left the courtroom.

Female detective I thought to myself. Oh no. Not Emma I cried quietly to myself. Most of the people in the courtroom were shot and killed there was no doubt on that. I continued to look around but my first concern was for our partner and friend. It did not take long to find her and for a moment neither of us wished we had.

“NOOOO-,” Rick screamed.

I was shocked and too numb to say anything.

“SHE’S DEAD,” Rick cried loudly as I began checking her pulse and vital signs.

“No. She’s not dead yet. She does have a weak pulse and heartbeat but she is losing a lot of blood. Come and help me,” I said as Rick stopped crying at that moment and began helping me stop the bleeding.

“What are you doing?” Rick asked as I took out several rolls of paper towels and bandages to keep Emma from bleeding out too much.

“When I was in the Navy even though I was primarily a master at arms and investigator I had crossed trained also to be a corpsman and during the time in school I learned how to stop major wounds like this and to stop the bleeding. You don’t want to move her, but you want to stop the bleeding and keep her breathing until the medics get here which they’re on their way

right now,” I said more calmly as I realized that she was stabilizing.

“Speaking of medics here they come,” Rick said as we both stood out of their way. The paramedics quickly lifted Emma up and put on her onto a stretcher as we both watched them take her out of the courtroom.

“I’d like to get a hold of the Godfather of Time and kill him myself,” Rick said loudly.

“Oh no you don’t mean that Rick. Emma herself wouldn’t want him killed,” I said.

“You’re right but what are we going to do?” Rick asked.

“We’re going to have a word with the prosecutor and the corrections officers then we’ll go and see Emma at the hospital. Hopefully they can give us some insight to how this attack might have occurred,” I said calmly.

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We went back into the courthouse where we saw the prosecutor addressing the news media. The prosecutor confirmed that the judge had been killed along with bailiffs and several other officers as the Godfather of Time and his men had escaped.

“Mr. Whatley, we like to ask a few questions,” I said as he finished speaking to the media.

“Will these questions help capture the Godfather of Time again?” Mr. Whatley asked.

“We most certainly hope so,” Rick said quietly with his anger still showing in his voice.

“When the Godfather of Time was in jail not including your visits or his attorney’s visits were you aware of anyone else visiting him,” I asked bluntly.

“The officers in the county jail told me that Dr. Godson had more visitors than any other inmate that they could remember,” Mr. Whatley said.

“Did he also receive any calls or did he make any calls to anyone besides his attorney?” Rick asked.

“Not that I’m aware of but you can go there and check. I’ll the administrators that you two will be down there in a bit. I really hope your partner pulls through,” Mr. Whatley said calmly.

“Well thank you sir,” I said.

“Is there anything else?” Mr. Whatley asked.

“Not at the moment,” Rick replied.

“Well detectives, if you need me for anything let me know and I’ll be in my office,” Mr. Whatley said as he quietly left the courthouse as we stood there and watched. We quickly followed too as we turned and saw the media started to walk to us and neither of us was in the mood to talk to the media.

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We quickly arrived at the Birmingham City Jail where we quickly were introduced to the jail administrator Bobby Andrews. Mr. Andrews was a tall white colored man who had dark blonde hair and light blue eyes. He was a little husky like me but according to the other officers he could bench press five hundred pounds.

“Hello Detectives Early and O’Malley. Your visit was told to us by Mr. Whatley. Now how may I help you?” Mr. Andrews asked calmly.

“Did Dr. Godson have any phone calls to anyone besides his attorney and if he did do

you have the transcripts,” Rick asked.

“Ah yes he did but my communications officer told me the call Dr. Godson received the other day was encrypted,” Mr. Andrews said.

“Encrypted,” both Rick and I said in disbelief as Mr. Andrews showed us the transcript.

“Yes, it’s encrypted alright and this is how the communications officer heard it. Apparently whoever it was somehow encrypted the call so only Dr. Godson knew who it was,” Mr. Andrews said as he showed us the transcript. We slowly looked at the transcript as we saw its encrypted message.

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ΓΕΟΡΓΕ ΨΟΗΝΣΟΝ: ΤΗΕΝ ΤΗΕ ΠΛΑΝ ΙΣ ΦΙΝΑΛΙΖΕΔ. ΩΕ ΩΙΑΛ ΒΕ  
ΤΗΕΡΕ ΑΤ 10:00 Α.Μ.

“Why didn’t either you or your officers try to get this message unencrypted,” I asked angrily.

“I don’t know. I told my men that there are several places to get the message unencrypted and my assistant Lieutenant Davidson assured me the message would be encrypted but I guess he never got around to doing so,” Mr. Andrews replied.

“May we get a copy of this?” I asked.

“Sure,” Mr. Andrews said as he quickly printed a copy and handed it to me.

“They sure did a good job encrypting it, but Charles I have a buddy that doesn’t live too far from here and I know he can get unencrypted,” Rick said calmly.

“Alright Rick quickly go and see what your buddy can do and after that come to the

hospital. I'm going to check on Detective Stevens," I said as I handed Rick the encrypted message. I never had any experience in encrypting messages but I was as interested as Rick was into finding out what the message said.

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Rick had always been quick to do things, but I don't think he ever went as quick as he was now. He wasted no time as he took his car and quickly drove through the city trying desperately to get to his friend who was an encryption expert. His friend whose name was Glen Scott had been an encryption expert for over fifteen years and had been living in Birmingham for the last six. Glen Scott was a short young white colored man who had extremely dark black hair and dark blue eyes. Glenn like Rick was originally from Ireland but moved to Birmingham several years earlier.

"Hey Rick. It's been a long time since I last saw you. How may I help you?" Glen asked calmly.

"Glen you most certainly can. I have an encrypted message and I need to see what it says. My partner Detective Stevens was shot and nearly killed, and I believe whatever is in this message might have information I need," Rick said calmly as Glen took the encrypted message transcript.

"My friend Rick you have come to the right place. This looks like it will all be too easy for my new computer program that I just recently invented, but the police rejected it for help in their investigations," Glen said as he took the file and scanned it onto his computer.

"Why is that Glen and what kind of problem is it exactly?" Rick asked.

"It is a very special program that I created that allows me to encrypt all kinds of messages within minutes. It took me months to full develop and after many attempts I finally managed to get the program to run very efficiently. I suppose the police don't want to use it because most of them honestly don't know how to use a complicated system such as mine. I find it quite useful especially when I help the feds in their investigations but on occasions when the local police gets a major cold case or if they get some notes or something they really can't decipher then they'll come to me," Glen said as he entered the file into the program and within a minute the encrypted message turned into a readable file. "Well here it is buddy have a look." Rick looked at the computer screen and read the file quickly.

"I'm looking at and honestly I am not one bit surprised. Dr. Godson baited us the whole time in his trial. He knew there was no chance of an acquittal, but he had an elaborate plan orchestrated by no one other than my rival George Johnson," Rick said calmly.

"How do you know this George Johnson?" Glen asked.

"George and I used to work at this security firm back in Ireland. He was very brilliant but at times could be strange and eccentric. He also was moonlighting on the side and as I would find out later he would get involved with a major drug operation which I helped bust him on and after that he went to prison and lost his job," Rick asked.

"I can see why he wants revenge on you but what does Detectives Early and Stevens have to do with this," Glen asked.

"My friend you just asked the one million dollar question. The only reason that I could see George and Dr. Godson wanting my partners dead is that they helped put him in prison after our last encounter with him. If I knew their exact motives perhaps I would also know the rest of Dr. Godson's plan," Rick replied.

“Go ahead and look at the deciphered message. I am going out for a little while. I have some errands to run and I am also going to get myself a bite to eat. Do you want anything?” Glenn asked.

“Thanks for the offer Glenn but I’m not hungry. I would rather stay here and see exactly what Dr. Godson and George have planned for us,” Rick said as I looked at the message on the screen for a few moments more.

“Suit yourself. I’ll be back in a little while. If you’re done before I get back if you don’t mind just leave the computer on. I still have several things that I need to finish Glenn asked.

“Sure thing Glenn I’ll see you shortly. I doubt I will be gone by the time you come back. I want to make sure I leave no stone unturned,” Rick said as he continued to look at the computer screen with the deciphered message and thinking to himself *why we didn’t see this coming earlier. The police here could have deciphered the message easily and yet discarded and because of that my partner Detective Stevens lays in the hospital critically wounded.* The more Rick thought about the message and Dr. Godson the angrier he became. It was only after he read it several times did he realize he was their true intended target. They intended him to watch Charles and Emma be killed before being killed himself.

GEORGE JOHNSON: DR. GODSON THE PLAN IS SET FOR TOMMORROW WHEN YOUR TRIAL BEGINS. THE SECURITY THERE WILL BE EXTREMELY TIGHT AND THE THREE DETECTIVES WHO HELPED CAPTURE YOU WILL ALSO BE THERE. NOW WILL BE THE PERFECT TIME FOR REVENGE ON DETECTIVES EARLY, STEVENS AND O’MALLEY. WORD HAS IT ON THE STREET THAT DETECTIVES O’MALLEY AND STEVSN ARE DATING AND WHAT A BLOW IT WOULD BE IF WE COULD KILL EITHER ONE OF THEM DURING THE RAID TOMMORROW.

DR. GODSON: I WOULD MOST CERTAINLY AGREE. KILL EITHER DETECTIVE STEVENS OR EARLY BUT DON’T KILL DETECTIVE O’MALLEY. I HAVE SOMETHING ESPECIALLY NASTY FOR HIM. KILLING DETECTIVE STEVENS WOULD PROBABLY BE THE EASIEST AS SHE IS THE WEAK LINK IN THEIR GROUP. BESIDES KILLING HER ESPECIALLY SINCE SHE IS DATING O’MALLEY WOULD MAKE IT MORE PAINFUL FOR HIM AND EARLY. THE OLD MAN EARLY IS GETTING TO BE OVER THE HILL SO KILLING HIM MIGHT NOT BE DIFFICULT EITHER ESPECIALLY WITH THE WEAPONS YOU STOLE THE OTHER DAY.

GEORGE JOHNSON: THEN THE PLAN IS FINALIZED. WE WILL BE THERE AT 10:00 A.M.

“So that is what you’re planning,” Rick said to himself as he saw Glenn return with a sub and a bag of chips.

“What did you find out,” Glen asked enthusiastically, as he entered his office again.

“Dr. Godson planned to me after letting me watch them exterminate my partners. Well if he has something nasty for me I’m ready for whatever it is. He’ll pay for what he did to her though but my question is this. My question is this if the local police knew about your encrypting skills and since it didn’t take you but a few minutes why didn’t they come to you,” Rick asked loudly though he said it mainly to himself.

“Rick you have a great point but please don’t do anything foolish. Yes I want you to catch this guy but I don’t want you to go kill him foolish and I’m sure she doesn’t either and yes that bothers me the police and authorities normally come here with several messages almost daily. My guess Rick is that perhaps either a cop or a corrections officer might also be involved with Dr. Godson’s escape,” Glen said calmly as he printed out a copy and handed the paper copy to Rick.

“Why do you say that Glen,” Rick asked calmly.

“Well Rick the Godfather of Time is perhaps the biggest criminal except for the Alphabet killer who is also still on the loose,” Glen said.

“Yeah tell me about it. The Alphabet terrorist is more slippery than an eel,” Rick replied.

“But think about Rick. The Godfather of Time and his time machine and inventions are worth millions. Perhaps someone helped set him free for the money or glory in the event they were the one to recapture him,” Glen said.

“So you think someone else besides George Johnson also helped Dr. Godson escape and that they did it for the money and glory,” Rick said calmly.

“Precisely but I can’t prove it yet but perhaps I will eventually be able to and perhaps help find out who your other conspirators are,” Glen said.

“Thanks Glen,” Rick said as he left the shop and hurried back to the hospital.

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Rick quickly came back to the hospital and met me on the third floor where I had been talking to nurses and doctors moments earlier.

“It’s not good,” I said sadly as I looked through the window and watched her lie there on the bed. “Doctors say she lost so much blood she was lucky to survive and right now she’s in a coma. She was extremely fortunate as doctors told me none of her internal organs was hit by any of the shots though they had to extract two shells that were still in her when she arrived.”

Rick said nothing for several moments as he too looked through the glass and I knew at that moment how he felt. Neither of us said anything for several more moments until I finally again spoke.

“Oh, by the way Rick what did your friend find out?”

“He was able to prove that it was a planned attack. Dr. Godson planned with his men to attack at the trial and that intended to kill both you and her as they have something particular nasty planned for me,” Rick replied as he handed me the paper showing the message.

“I do wonder how they found out you two were dating. I knew that they would strike against us, but it seems like they have an even more personal grudge against you,” I said as I looked at the messages.

“George Johnson and I used to work together until he got busted, and sent away but I do wonder how he found me,” Rick said calmly.

“Don’t worry about that now Rick. Let’s just say he found you and now we will have to

deal with him. Your past with him might explain the personal factor but something tells me that Dr. Godson will be planning something even bigger this time. Now I suggest we go home and get rest and we will meet in the office tomorrow as we have lots of business to take care of there too," I said as Rick nodded in agreement.

"Charles if you don't mind, I would also like to find out about anyone who is associated with him and would have helped him escaped. I want all those who conspired with him in jail," Rick said quietly.

"Agreed but let's wait until morning," I said as we left the hospital.

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The mood in the office the next morning when Rick and I got there was as quiet and somber as I had ever seen it. None of the other detectives said anything to me or Rick as we slowly walked into my office where my good friend Dr. Rogers was already waiting for us. Dr. Rogers was a short older bald white man who had a small pair of glasses covering his light blue eyes. Dr. Rogers was the head of our forensics lab and was more than anxious to help us on this case.

"I tell you Charles the Godfather of Time is no joke. He means business and all your partners are getting gravely injured. I must admit I'm extremely concerned for the two of you considering what happened to Miss Stevens," Dr. Rogers said solemnly.

"Well yes, but neither Rick or myself knew about this calculated plan of theirs," I said calmly.

"Charles shouldn't we try to find out who else might have been involved with helping Dr. Godson escape. I can't help feeling that there was someone else involves say for instance like a correctional officer or another officer," Rick asked.

"That also puzzles me too and I agree we need to find out," I replied as I turned and saw Dr. Rogers started to speak again.

"If I don't mind Charles you do have two new detectives that have joined the firm. The two detectives are Detective Samantha Thomas who is originally from England and the other one is Detective James Alexander who comes from Scotland. Detective Thomas has been assigned to drug task and vice and Detective Alexander has been assigned to Homicide-Non Major Case," Dr. Rogers said proudly.

"Detective Samantha Thomas isn't she Emma's friend that worked for Scotland Yard," Rick asked.

"Yes she is and she is a very good investigator? What is she doing over here?" I asked.

"From my understanding she moved over here, apparently as her husband got a high paying job and she came over here highly recommended," Dr. Rogers said. "She also told me that her husband wanted her to quit detective work she loved it too much so she joined the firm."

"Knowing how Samantha Thomas and Emma Stevens are extremely close friends I'd sure hate to be the one that breaks it to Samantha about what happened to Emma," Rick said.

"Which is why I'm going to do it," I said before Rick could say anything. "Rick, I know you two are also close but you don't know Samantha either. Call her into my office."

"I'll do it Chuck," Dr. Rogers said. Dr. Rogers called Samantha to the office over the intercom and within moments she entered the office.

"Hello Charles long time," Samantha said.

"Hello Samantha. Are you enjoying it here?" I asked.

“I most certainly am and we already made our first big bust the other day. We caught fifteen people selling drugs for two and half million dollars. It was amazing. I’ve enjoyed it and I have seen everyone except my best friend Emma Stevens. Where is she?” Samantha asked.

“Have a seat Samantha,” I said as I became extremely uncomfortable as I got ready to speak.

“Something is wrong. I can tell by your faces,” Samantha said calmly. I didn’t want to say the words but I knew that Samantha would find out later which would make it all the more painful so I gathered my thoughts before finally speaking.

“Samantha, have a seat,” I said.

“Please don’t tell me. Something happened to Emma,” Samantha, quietly cried.

“Sam,” I said. I struggled to tell her what had happened for a few minutes. Rick stayed quiet too as I could tell he was struggling to find words as much as I was. “Your friend Emma right now is lying in a comma in the hospital?”

“What?” Samantha asked with disbelief in her voice.

“Sam, we know you and Emma are good friends-,” I began.

“What happened?” Samantha choked. She barely could keep herself calm and given how close she and Emma were to each other I could not blame her.

“She was shot in her stomach and thigh. Doctors said she was fortunate that none of her internal organs were hit but that she did lose a lot of blood,” I slowly said.

“How could this happen?” Samantha asked. “She was always extremely careful with the criminals.”

“We all underestimated Dr. Godson as he had this attacked planned and apparently the police knew of a plan and didn’t say anything to us or the federal authorities about it. Rick and I will find out who all were responsible for helping Dr. Godson escape. You can be assured that Emma’s attackers will be captured and anyone else who conspired with them will also be brought to justice,” I said calmly. “Detective Stevens is a very good partner of mine as is Detective O’Malley. Rick joined our firm several months ago when we first encountered Dr. Godson.” Samantha turned and looked at Rick as she nodded before speaking for a moment.

“You are a good friend of hers then,” Samantha asked.

“Yes I am and we will get him,” Rick replied.

“Samantha there is something you can do for us also if you don’t mind,” I asked.

“Sure what is it,” Samantha asked.

“Rick and I believe that perhaps a cop or a corrections officer might also be involved with Dr. Godson’s escape,” I said as I handed her the unencrypted note. “This transcript of the conversation between George Johnson and Dr. Godson was originally encrypted. The officers at the jail said they intended to get the message unencrypted but apparently failed to do it so Rick went to his friend’s house and got it done in about thirty minutes. I have a suspicion we have a mole, but we need to keep quiet on this. For now, I need you to find out why the police didn’t go to Rick’s friend who was known by the local and federal authorities. Find out who was supposed to get the message unencrypted originally and find out their connections and see if they are related to George Johnson or Dr. Godson in anyway.”

“Yes sir,” Samantha said quietly. Samantha said nothing else as she slowly and quietly left the office. Dr. Rogers, Rick and I sat there for several moments before Dr. Rogers spoke again.

“I tell you two that Detective Alexander is rather a quiet person. He doesn’t say much and in fact I hadn’t heard him say five words in the office,” Dr. Rogers said calmly.

“Well thanks Dr. Rogers. I think it is time that we got back to work. Rick and I really need to find out what Dr. Godson is up to and to try to stop him,” I said as Dr. Rogers nodded before standing up and leaving the office.

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Downtown Birmingham was not the quietest part of the city but it was where the Godfather of Time wanted his hideout to be. Dr. Godson knew the downtown police and sheriff deputies would be too busy fighting other criminals for them to look for him and his thugs in what appeared to be an old abandoned warehouse. Well at least on the outside it was old and worn down but on the inside of the building was a very high-tech sophisticated lab which Dr. Godson’s men used and kept the time machine until they finally were able to get the Godfather of Time released.

“Well done George,” the Godfather of Time said quietly as he looked at his lab.

“Boss now that Detective Stevens is out of our way the other two detectives, O’Malley and Early, will be on our trail. Boss, what are we going to do when they arrive?” George asked calmly. George Johnson was a tall tan colored man who had dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. He had a small dark brown mustache and a quiet voice which often times he had to repeat himself as neither the Godfather of Time or the others could understand what he said.

“My friend the detectives will not be a threat to us .Rather Detectives O’Malley and Early will be too busy to be trying to save the people of the city for them to try to catch us,” the Godfather of Time said as his men brought to him his time machine which now appeared to look brand new. George Johnson was also Dr. Godson’s electrical engineer as well as personal assistant and George while the Godfather of Time was in jail simply repaired the time machine and made a few modifications to it.

“Look sir. The time machine of yours is repaired and improved. It got damaged after your arrest so I went back and fixed and added modifications,” George said.

“What kind of modifications did you so George,” the Godfather of Time asked.

“You will like it no doubt. You see Dr. Godson you need no longer worry whether the police get the machine or not because now even if they get it you can still use it as a weapon by this,” George said as he handed the Godfather of Time a small remote. The Godfather of Time quickly turned on the remote and within a minute a time portal was quickly opened by the time machine.

“Good Job Johnson. This allows me to turn the machine on and open up a portal regardless where the machine is at,” the Godfather of Time said and within moments after opening up a time portal several strange looking creatures suddenly appeared in the lab.

Some of the creatures that came through the portal could fly and some were no bigger than a toothpick but there were quite a few larger ones too. There were some which the Godfather of Time and George were looking at which appeared to them to look like prehistoric alligators which were much bigger and much more aggressive and the gator like creature tried at once to bite George before the other men shot it with tranquilizers. “Take the gator and dump him into the river and see how much damage he does. By the way George whatever happened to the officer with whom you so cleverly conspired with to help get me out of jail.”

“Oh yes and about the lieutenant. He is still working for the city and no one suspects a thing sir. Our conversation on the phone was recorded as usual procedure but if they try to get a transcript of our conversation they will find that I encrypted it with a special gadget I recently

purchased online,” George said.

“I must say you’ve done quite well,” Dr. Godson said quietly.

“Thank you sir and now what about these other creatures,” George asked as he and the other men tried to swat the smaller fly like creatures which had barbed stingers at their ends. One of the fly like creatures landed on George’s hand and within a moment it actually stung him and although it didn’t kill George the sting was excruciating as within moments the spot where the fly stung started swelling up and turning purple.

“Here you go you imbecile,” the Godfather of Time yelled at George as he gave him medicine for the sting. “It will be painful for a while but it should soon disappear. You got stung by a prehistoric dragonfly which still has them highly toxic barbed stingers on their tails. The venom is very toxic, but it appears that you didn’t get a lethal dose though however that gives me an idea of where to start. George hand me all those bottles of medicine which we all will need. Take the medicine George and give it to the others as we are going back into time and will release these creatures of fury onto the city without mercy.”

“Yes sir,” George said as he quickly took the medicine and handed each of the men medicine as well as each took their shots before the Godfather of Time opened the portal and instructed his men to enter.”

“What about you sir,” George asked as he was about to enter the portal.

“I’m about to call the police and tell them that the time machine is here and that is about to be used to destroy the city so hopefully they’ll come here and find the machine and take it to the station where we’ll really do our damage,” the Godfather of Time yelled as he picked up the phone.

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Rick had been doing research on George Johnson and trying to find out his connections with the Godfather of Time when we received word that the police had found Dr. Godson’s hideout and that they were on the verge of taking him and the time machine in for good.

“Hey look at this Charles,” Rick said calmly. “It says here that George Johnson was convicted on five counts of murder, three counts of extortion, three counts of racketeering, four counts of conspiracy to commit murder and two counts of menacing and was sentenced to life but he escaped out of prison five years into his term. Police are still looking for him and it is believed that he has connections in both Ireland and the United States and police in Ireland believe George Johnson has escaped to the United States.”

“I would say that was a distinct possibility as George Johnson conspired with the Godfather of Time but are there any records indicating how the two met up,” I asked calmly.

“Ah yes and here it is two. It has been reported by both the US Marshall Service and the FBI that George Johnson is now accompanying Dr. Godson aka the Godfather of Time. George Johnson is believed to be as dangerous as Dr. Godson if not more as he also has lots of scientific knowledge. According to sworn statements by informants George Johnson met Dr. Godson sometime soon after he busted out of prison in Ireland,” Rick said as I looked at the computer screen with the information. I had started to speak when I heard the radio announcing that police may have found Dr. Godson’s hideout.

“Let’s go Rick. They’ve found him,” I said. I had never seen Rick as excited as I seen him at that moment as he jumped out of his seat and quickly starting running to the cars.

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I was excited a little and hoping it was true but something in my mind told me that this was too easy that this might actually be a trap. Why would the Godfather of time surrender now after planning such a brutal attack to escape? After all with the time machine at his disposal he would have no reason to surrender and besides he didn't strike me as a person who would surrender easily anyway. Rick was extremely excited and hurried to our car and though I couldn't blame him all I could do was hope that I was wrong that it was a trap.

We quickly arrived at the old warehouse which the police informed us was the hideout of the Godfather of Time. We waited there along with several officers waiting for the order to go in there. Neither Rick nor I knew what was happening until we spoke to an officer.

"What is happening? Why aren't any of us going in there," I asked very bluntly.

"We can't go in until given the order to enter. The Chief believes a hostage is in there, but we don't think there is. We haven't heard anything for a few minutes now," the officer said as a second later the order to enter the building came over the radio.

"Let's go," I said as Rick and the officers followed me into the building. We slowly entered the building and much to our surprise we found that no one was in the building though I admit I was surprised and suspicious when we found the time machine lying on the table.

"Sir we have it. We have the time machine," the officer said as the other officers erupted into cheers.

"Perhaps now that we have the time machine the Godfather of Time won't be able to strike," another officer said loudly.

"Well perhaps but perhaps this may be a trap," I said quietly.

"What do you mean Charles?" Rick asked quietly.

"This is very unlike Dr. Godson. I mean this is too simple for him to simply disappear and leave perhaps the one weapon that can destroy the city. It doesn't make any sense," I said calmly.

"But where could he have gone to?" Rick asked quietly.

"I don't know yet," I admitted grudgingly. "But we will find out soon and I fear for the city when we do. We've got to go back to the office. I have a few things we need to do." Rick said nothing as we quietly followed the other officers out of the building as they carried the time machine to the station.

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Rick and I quickly went back to our office where we were greeted again by Dr. Rogers who had been waiting for us since we left to go the old warehouse.

"I've got some news for you two," Dr. Rogers said as Rick and I sat down to listen. "My good friend who is a surgeon told me that it was a medical miracle that Detective Stevens survived the shooting and that it is an even bigger miracle that she will make a full recovery. In fact, when I talked to him a half hour ago Detective Stevens woke from her short coma and was responding well to the doctors and nurses."

"That is very good news," I said with excitement in my voice as Rick seemed to be more relieved than I had seen him in the last couple days.

"The surgeon told me that during surgery they had to remove six bullets from her and what makes it even more miraculous is that none of them hit any of her organs or went out and

most were rather easy to get out as soon as they found them,” Dr. Rogers said. “That was the good news now to tell you the bad news.”

“BAD NEWS,” Rick and I both yelled.

“The bad news is that my friend who works with the US Marshall services believes as do the rest of the federal agencies that the Godfather of Time is planning an imminent attack,” Dr. Rogers said quietly.

“That’s just great. Thank you Dr. Rogers,” I said quietly as I looked at Rick who said nothing as Dr. Rogers slowly left the office. We started to leave the office when we turned and saw Samantha standing behind us.

“Hey Samantha, what did you find out,” I asked calmly.

“I found out quite a bit. It seems like according to records that a Lieutenant Robert Davidson is akin to George Johnson,” Samantha said.

“How close are they?” Rick asked.

“According to records from Ireland as that’s where they’re both from the two are cousins but it seems as though about ten years ago the two had a falling out,” Samantha said.

“About what,” I asked.

“It seems as though Lt. Davidson was jealous of the attention that George was getting from politicians everywhere despite George’s connections with the mafia,” Samantha said.

“About five years ago Lt. Davidson came over here and started working at the jail.”

“Now it would seem that Lt. Davidson helped free Dr. Godson and if he can help recapture the Godfather of time Lt. Davidson can become rich and get the attention that George always had,” I said quietly as we stood there unaware that the Godfather of Time was about to strike. “But how to prove it is still the million-dollar question.”

“I hope it don’t take too long. Something tells me we’re running out of time,” Rick said.

“You’re right. We need to get to the station before anything else happens,” I said.

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Well quickly went back to the police station where the time machine was being inspected by the police chief and many other senior officers. The chief, like Rick and I, was extremely skeptical about the time machine. He continued to look at for several minutes before finally deciding it was genuine.

“You three make sure the machine stays under lock and key,” the chief said as he and the other senior officers began to leave. The chief then turned to Charles. “You and your detectives have done well so far. Keep it up. Let’s make sure we get that creep before he strikes again.”

“Understood chief,” Charles said. The chief and the other senior officers quickly departed as the three junior officers took the machine to the cage where it was separated from the other evidence before being locked up.

“Alright Rick. How about lunch?” I asked. “It will be on me.”

“Fine with me,” Rick said before turning to the other officers. “You just make sure that the device remains secure.”

“Will do,” one of the officers said.

Rick and I were satisfied that all would be secure for the time and we decided to go get lunch while the device was being secured.

“Alright. You heard them. Let’s hurry and put this thing where it belongs,” the first officer said as he and the other two officers went down to the basement where the evidence room

was.

“I sure hope Detective Early and them can catch Godson,” the second officer said.

“Me too,” the third officer added.

“I’m sure they will,” the first officer added. “They have quite a reputation.”

“True that,” the second said as he opened the cage.

“Hurry up and let’s get out,” the third officer added.

“There we go. That takes care of that thing. I am glad I am not around that machine when it’s turned on,” the first officer said as he put the machine down on the ground before leaving the cage.

“I know what you mean Frank. I want this to be over with and with us finally recapturing Dr. Godson,” the second officer said quietly.

“Well let’s get out of here. I’m also tired of looking at the machine,” the third officer said as the three officers locked the evidence cage and quickly went back into the main office.

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Little did the three officers or anyone realize as they went back up into the main office the time machine turned on as a time portal slowly opened.

“So those fools think they can stop me the Godfather of Time. Well I’ll show them my wrath,” Dr. Godson said quietly to himself as suddenly several thousand termites and killer bees and wasps came out of the portal and quickly went through the evidence cage door as the portal quickly closed.

The small killer bees and termites quickly started eating and devouring everything in their paths and the three officers who had sealed the evidence moments earlier where the first to see what was happening and none of the three had but a second to see the termites and bees as the thousands of creatures quickly devoured them as quickly as they destroyed the evidence room.

“Sound the alarm and get every available officer down to the evidence room,” the lieutenant yelled as he and several more officers ran toward the basement. Even though the lieutenant and several of the officers had successfully killed several hundred termites and killer bees more of the vicious creatures appeared and quickly killed them and within moments the killer bees and termites started flying toward the main office of the department.

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Rick and I were having lunch at a local restaurant when we received a distress call from the Chief telling us that the police department was being attacked by killer bees and termites and immediately I knew the Godfather of Time had struck again. I didn’t know what to expect to find when we got there but Rick and I was horrified when we arrived and saw that the Chief and a couple other officers were the only ones to survive. The department was in a complete mess as all the desks and equipment was completely destroyed and some of the walls were also partially destroyed as I could see holes in them.

“We’ve got to hurry Rick. This building doesn’t look very stable,” I said as he started helping me take the Chief and other wounded officers outside. A few minutes later several paramedics came and also started helping us get the surviving officers out of the building. We managed to get all the survivors out before the building completely collapsed.

“Whoa! That was a close one. I do wonder what the Godfather of Time is planning,” Rick asked quietly.

“This is all about revenge. Dr. Godson is on a revenge tour right now on those who helped capture him in the first place and by eliminating the police department and causing fear amongst the people it would be much easier for him to take control of the city,” I replied.

“Well I just thought about something Charles. Wasn’t the time machine in the police station,” Rick asked again.

“Yeah unless when they attacked one of his men retrieved it. Why?” I asked.

“Without the time machine Dr. Godson wouldn’t be able to return to the present and release his killer insects on the city,” Rick said.

“I wish but I know it isn’t going to be that easy. Dr. Godson is much cleverer than that to allow his machine and his only means of exit to get destroyed during one of his attacks,” I replied as my phone started ringing loudly. I quickly picked up the phone and realized it was Samantha Thomas calling us with more information.

“I’ve got terrible news,” Samantha said quietly. I didn’t know what she meant by terrible until she spoke again. “We had got an arrest warrant for Lt. Davidson after had confessed to an undercover officer what he did but before we could serve him the warrant the coward committed suicide.”

“Why doesn’t that surprise me? They always do that when they know they are caught,” started said loudly for a moment before calming down. “Are we sure that it was suicide and not a homicide?”

“They are quite sure. He even left a note on his desk,” Samantha said.

“What really irks me is that he knew something about Dr. Godson and now whatever he knew goes to the grave with him,” I said angrily.

“Calling all officers,” the announcer over the radio said as Rick and I turned and listened. “This is not a drill. I repeat this is not a drill. A robbery is in progress in the downtown area. The suspect is believed to no other than the ruthless Godfather of Time and according to witnesses the Godfather of Time has released insects from the time machine to kill people. All officers are urged to use extreme caution.”

“You’re right Charles. During the attack on the police station either Dr. Godson or one of his men must have come through the time portal and stole the time machine,” Rick said.

“Or he has another device. Either way that’s really not good Rick because there’s no telling what he is capable of doing,” I said calmly.

“But Charles if I remember the time theory correctly Dr. Godson at some point in the day or two will have to come back to this time period or otherwise he will cease to exist and how do you know that the Godfather of Time has a remote time portal generator ,” Rick asked.

“Because in theory, and I have done studying myself Rick, with a remote time portal generator Dr. Godson could create time portals without the use of his machine therefore allowing us to take the machine into the police department where he was able to strike quickly. Rick you mentioned a time theory moments ago. What is this theory?” I asked.

“My friend Daniel is a scientist and we both went to college together where we took physics and during the class we discussed the time continuum theory which states that time is running in a continuous line and that any interruption or stop in the line will cause a cosmic disaster,” Rick said.

“That’s good and all but if Dr. Godson does nothing to change the past then why does he have to reappear back in this time?” I asked calmly.

“Because he was born in this time period and by going back into the past as he is doing, he is breaking the timeline and he has only so long before he becomes permanently part of the past,” Rick said quietly.

“That’s good to know but that doesn’t help us a bit as we don’t know where he might reappear at or how long he has to stay before going back into the time portals,” I said.

“Let’s go Charles to downtown where the attacks occurred, and we might find a clue that might tell us that. I have a suspicion we’ll find more than enough there,” Rick said as we both quickly drove to downtown Birmingham.

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We quickly arrived at downtown Birmingham and much to our horror the entire neighborhood had been destroyed. All the homes and buildings looked like they had been completely destroyed as most of the wooden buildings and homes were just now pieces of wood lying all over the streets. Termites were still eating the wood lying on the streets and just as Rick and I were about to leave the area we turned and saw a swarm of the killer bees approach us.

“Follow me Charles. I know how to get rid of these bees,” Rick said as I quickly followed him. I am extremely terrified of insects like bees and wasps and every time I get really close to one I freeze up in fear. Rick wasn’t afraid of the bees as I was and just as he was about to get rid of them a portal opened in front of them as it seemed to swallow up all the killer bees.

“What’s going on Rick,” I asked. I was confused as to why the Godfather of Time would cause the bees to disappear just as the killer bees were about to try to kill us.

“It seems as though Dr. Godson has to return to this time and also have to keep his insects back in their proper time period for now or at least until he can figure out a way to get by the time continuum theory,” Rick said.

“Which also means he is now returning to this time period as well but where would he be,” I asked.

“Well unless I am completely mistaken the time portal generator remote he is using is a short range tool meaning for him to have created the portal right here he would have to be within five or ten miles from here,” Rick said as we both looked at the neighborhood.

“If you haven’t noticed Rick his little insects have destroyed this neighborhood,” I yelled.

“Yes that is true. Charles, go to the office and get everything and everybody that you can to help us. I will go and deal with Dr. Godson and George Johnson. I have the strangest feeling that they are in the Tatum Science Building,” Rick said.

“The Tatum Science Building but how do you know?” I yelled.

“It is the one building that the police have no business looking through and if Dr. Godson and George are really planning what I think they are then the laboratory would be the one place they would go to,” Rick said.

“I’m not going to let you. I am you superior and I will say if we go or not,” I roared.

“Yes Charles you are my superior but if we both go and get captured there’s no telling what they will do to us and if the machine is completely operational like I believe it is there is a possibility that Dr. Godson could use it to split both of us into atoms before sending us into time and if we’re both gone then who is going to watch over Emma. I have lived a good life and I’m not planning on dying anytime soon but unless we do this and stop George and Dr. Godson chances are we’ll all be dead,” Rick said.

“Well put my friend. I can see there is no stopping you. I will go back to the station and get help,” I said calmly as I went back to the station.

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The Tatum Science Building was only a few miles from where Rick and I were investigating the neighborhood destruction. Dr. Godson had moments earlier appeared in the old building which was still used by college students and interim scientist conducting experiments. No one was in the building at the time he appeared as he looked around for a moment before opening the portal again and ordering his men to bring the time machine in the building.

“I’d say boss why didn’t we just stay where we were? No one would ever find us,” the man asked.

“Because you moron like Dr. Godson stated we all are limited by the time continuum theory which states that time is a continuous line and that if the line is interrupted in any way there will be a cosmic disaster and depending on how we affect it we may be effecting our own futures,” George Johnson told the first man as he and another man brought in the time machine.

“Your right George but I’m working on that a trying to find a way to overcome the limits of the time traveling and when I do I will completely rule the world,” Dr. Godson said quietly to himself.

“What about the other two detectives? It looked like the bees were about to kill them when you put them back into the portal,” the first man asked. “I’d say just get rid of them the easiest way possible.”

“No, you dunce. Detective O’Malley was there with Detective Early. I don’t care what happens to the old man, but George has something particularly vicious for Detective O’Malley,” the Godfather of Time said as he turned to George. “Thanks to George’s ability and craftsmanship my time machine is even more powerful than before and now with this device I can use it to split the human body into atoms. Poor Emma Stevens would have it much easier than her boyfriend Rick O’Malley.”

“And when he is utterly destroyed my personal revenge against Detective O’Malley will be complete. He ruined my life now I will take his,” George said as he laughed with Dr. Godson.

“Move quickly everyone. Our guest will be here any moment,” the Godfather of Time yelled.

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Rick finally arrived at the Tatum Science Building a few moments later as he turned and looked at the surroundings. The Tatum Science Building was the type of environment Dr. Godson would love to work in. It was extremely quiet and peaceful and no one was here as far as either of us could see as we slowly approached the building’s entrance.

“Oh man. Now I do wish Charles was here,” Rick said to himself as he slowly started entering the building. He had barely entered the building when we saw Dr. Godson and his men looking directly at him and holding their rifles and guns directly at his head.

“Come in Detective O’Malley. You have been expected,” Dr. Godson said calmly as he slowly turned on the time machine and two of his men began forcing Rick toward the machine.

“What are you going to do with me,” Rick asked.

“Why do you ask stupid detective. It seems like you already know. You were extremely

clever enough to figure out our encrypted message and because of that one of my thugs had to kill Lt. Davidson and make it look like a suicide. It seems like Detective O'Malley that you know my good associate George Johnson who has been more than anxious enough to get revenge on you," Dr. Godson said as he pointed to George. Rick turned and looked at George who didn't even flinch as his hatred for Rick was evident.

"I'm not surprised you had Lt. Davidson killed. He didn't strike anyone as the type that would commit suicide but you still haven't answered my question," Rick said loudly.

"Well if you really must know Detective O'Malley I'm going to use this machine and turn your pathetic body into atoms and send the atoms into different periods of time scattered throughout history," the Godfather of Time said calmly.

"How did you escape," Rick yelled as the men pushed him closer to the time machine.

"Well I must say it was rather easy and quick. I had help of course but now that I'm here. I will have my greatest pleasure and watching you suffer like I suffered. The unfortunate thing is you will still always be alive and have no way in joining your friend Emma Stevens in heaven," George said.

"I don't believe you. There is no such a machine that can do that," Rick said while hoping it wasn't true but deep down he knew Dr. Godson and George were more than capable of developing such a machine.

"On the contrary Detective O'Malley my machine is not only a time machine but also a molecule modifier that will turn the most complex of organisms like human into atoms. Imagine millions of your atoms and cells in different periods of time and never being able to connect again," the Godfather of Time said threateningly as he demonstrated to us by what he meant. He had a small plant which he placed into the time machine portal and within seconds the plant quickly disintegrated into millions of small pieces as it went into the portal which I saw was set to five different time periods.

"Let me guess your men made the improvements to the machine," Rick said.

"You are smart detective. They followed my followed specifications perfectly. George wants to utterly destroy you Detective O'Malley and well I just want to shoot and kill you right now and get it over with," the Godfather of Time said as he again turned on the machine and entered five different dates which I saw were 45,000 B.C, 19,000 B.C, 1120 A.D, 1400 A.D and 1900 A.D.

"I must say that you my poor friend will be technically be alive as millions of atoms spread throughout history and there will be no one that can save you," the Godfather of Time yelled and just as two men were about to push Rick into the time machine portal we heard several police cars approach.

"What the heck? Go see who that is," George yelled as the other men looked out the window.

"Charles," Rick said as he turned and became relieved at that moment.

"It's the police and there are quite a few of them. It also looks like the other detective is with the police too," one of the men yelled.

"Well kill them while we take care of Detective O'Malley," George yelled as he and the Godfather of Time grabbed Rick and started pushing him toward the portal.

"My friends will take care of you," Rick said as he courageously tried to fight George and Dr. Godson as they kept pushing him toward the machine.

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Samantha and I stayed outside until moments later several officers from the SWAT team, the FBI, the Sheriff's department, and the US Marshalls arrived at the Tatum Science Building.

"Charles do you think Rick is still alive," Samantha asked.

"Yes. Let's go in," I said as the other officers followed us.

The Godfather of Time and George turned for a moment as we quickly stormed into the building and began shooting at his men. The other men began shooting at the officers and us but the shootout was ended quickly as several dozen more FBI agents and US Marshalls came in moments later. The last of George's men surrendered as the building became completely filled with officers. Samantha and I looked up and saw that Dr. Godson still had Rick.

"You fools will never take me alive again" the Godfather of Time yelled as he shot at the officers and hitting several of them. Samantha started to shoot at the Godfather of Time when one of his bullets ricocheted and her in the arm. Rick had used the moment that Dr. Godson used to shoot at the officers to escape as he quickly ran to Samantha.

"NOOO," George shouted. He quickly took out his gun and began firing at Rick. Samantha despite being hit returned fire. Her shots missed George but he got frightened by how close he had been to being shot that he dropped his gun for a few moments.

"Thanks. Are you alright?" Rick asked as he saw Samantha had got hit in the arm

"Yeah. He will pay for all he has done," Samantha yelled as she turned and saw George standing beside the time machine. George immediately picked up and turned on the machine as a portal behind him as he turned and yelled at the Godfather of Time.

"Come on boss. It's over here and if we stay here we go to jail but if we leave they won't be able to get us," George yelled.

"I swear to the lot of you I will get revenge even if it's the last thing I do," the Godfather of Time yelled as he turned and ran into the time portal. Rick, Samantha and I tried running to the portal but it quickly closed before any of us could reach it.

"Oh no," Rick said sounding disappointed as he saw the portal disappear after George Johnson and Dr. Godson escaped.

"They got away. Those no good murdering vermin got away," Samantha yelled furiously.

"It figures but as I said earlier they don't have long in there and when they return we'll be ready for them," Rick said calmly. "Look at this way though we've captured most of his men."

"Yeah but he'll get more men you can guarantee that," I said calmly and I quickly turned to Samantha again as I spoke. "By the way how is Emma doing?"

"I talked to Emma this morning and yes she's doing quite well. It is quite a shame what happened to Lt. Davidson. From all the people I talked to he was not the type to commit suicide and when I looked at the crime scene further Detective Alexander and I found out that Lt. Davidson had been murdered. It seemed as though he was poisoned. Someone had in fact put poison into Lt. Davidson's whiskey bottle he kept in his desk and making it look like it was a suicide," Samantha replied.

"What about the note?" Rick asked.

"Forged," Samantha said.

"And chances are the killer is one of these men we captured. The killing was ordered by the Godfather of Time. Great work Detective Thomas," I said calmly as I turned to Rick and spoke again. "One day we will catch the Godfather of Time and destroy the time machine permanently."

"Yeah I hope so," Rick said quietly to himself. "With that machine there is no telling

what he will do or where but never mind that for the moment. Let's get out of here. I've had enough science for one day."

"I agree Rick. Thanks for coming Detective Thomas if it wasn't for you or the other officers Rick and I would be dead," I said quietly.

"No problem. I love being a help. Charles do you suppose that if we had Emma with us that we might have captured George Johnson and the Godfather of Time," Samantha asked.

"There is no telling what might or might not have happened. The important thing is that she survived and that we are all here with the feds taking these men into custody. After that I suppose we all should go and see our friend in the hospital," Charles replied.

"Agreed," Samantha said as Rick nodded in agreement.

"Let's get out of here. I've had more than enough science for one day," Rick said as we laughed as we left the Tatum Science Building.